

We are pleased to see the great enterprise of our capital city, Columbia is now plunging into a real boom.

SOUTH CAROLINA should follow the example of Georgia, Virginia and Maryland and make Lee's birthday a holiday with some appropriate celebration of the event.

We hope that the United States Senate Chamber is kept full of fresh air. It should be kept well ventilated for since the Democratic Senators have begun to speak against time they emit great volumes of carbonic acid gas. If they get plenty of pure air, the shallow chest fellows will have chests equal to John L. Sullivan's.

COL. ELLISON KEITT is after President Stokes again, and the fight between these two gentlemen who stand so high in the Alliance is growing quite warm. Col. Keitt gives Senator-elect Ivey a side lick in his rejoinder, and perhaps goes a little out of his way to do it. His closing words about Hampton are good, but it is too late now for that sort of talk.

The directors of the State publishing company, publishers of the new Columbia paper, met on last Saturday night, and elected Mr. N. G. Gozales managing editor. The name of the "State" was adopted for the new daily. The company have plenty of money, and will in all probability issue a first-class newspaper. Mr. Gozales, the managing editor, is a gentleman of long experience in journalism and under his management we feel sure that the editorial columns will be conducted with ability.

It is true that there is a wholesale intimidation of the negro vote in the South and that they are prevented from voting at the point of bayonets, pistols, rifles and bowie-knives, then the President ought to send out troops and treat the South as a conquered country. Senator Hour in presenting the reasons why his Federal election bill should become a law unguardedly lets slip the real truth. It is because such action will have the semblance of a desire to protect the negro in the South and thus it will retain the negro at the North in the Republican party.

It will not be long before the time will be here for making preparations for the next crop, and now is the opportune time for organizing prize clubs. The best and strongest argument that can be presented in favor of forming these clubs is what was accomplished by the White Oak and Wateree Clubs last year. We know that Secretary Brice, of White Oak, and Secretary Wythe, of Wateree, will take pleasure in answering any correspondence on the subject, and give information concerning the plan of organization, etc. It is hoped that by January, 1892, every section in the county will have a prize club.

Some men are born croakers and grumblers, and spend the greater part of their time abusing everything but themselves. They hurl their scurrilous vituperations against their neighbors, they are dissatisfied with everybody and everything about them, they pour cold water on every movement begun to increase the prosperity of the country, they lay the cause of their failure in life at the door of some body else, they are continually harping on the poverty of the country, they talk constantly of the general worthlessness of the county and are ever threatening to leave. Now the best thing such men can do, is to vote for the railroads so that they will have increased facilities for getting out of the country. It would be the best thing for them and the best thing for the county. Let everybody else who is taller of hope and less selfish also vote for the railroads, and let's get rid of the croakers.

It requires the force of circumstances to make an agricultural people abandon the lavish system of planting only one crop and owning large plantations, a system which experience has shown to be ruinous and suicidal. Just after the war when cotton brought thirty and forty cents a pound farmers were allured into the idea of making fabulous fortunes out of the staple and held tenaciously to the old system of large land estates. Thus the method of farming incident to slavery survived. Within a few years cotton fell down to ten cents and lower, and farming on small tracts, though not general over the country, has followed to some extent. But in the absence of circumstances wholly outside of farming, nine times out of ten the man who tries the small farm and raises other crops besides cotton makes money and will invariably buy more land. The tendency is that after abandoning the old system and adopting the new, a return is made to the days of the large plantations. In spite of the admonition of experience this will be done. It seems that it is incorporated in the nature of our Southern people. What we need then is a change of environment that will change this system. Countries intersected by railroads are increased

in population, more diversity of industry are found in them, and lands become more valuable and are cultivated more intelligently. Give us railroads and we shall have one of the great forces to force us into a system of small farms and greater diversity of industry.

Hill Elected.

The election of Governor Hill, of New York, will be received with gratification all over the South. As we have said before though we do not regard him anything like the equal of Governor Cleveland and though we do not admire him in many respects, yet we appreciate the worth of a leading man of his type to the party. He is not a statesman though at times he announces some mighty good doctrine, but he is a cunning, shrewd politician; and as long as there are political parties they cannot be well managed without experienced and good politicians. Hill knows how to go into a fight to win, and will do some good fighting and help to win some good victories for the party in the Senate. Hill was Cleveland's strongest opponent for the presidency, and his election to the Senate will give Cleveland practically a clear field.

It Deserves Success.

We are very much gratified to learn of the movement among the young men of the town to organize themselves into a society for the promotion of the social and intellectual culture of its members. Just such a society we contended a year ago was sadly needed in Winnsboro and the history of its organization by the young men are commendable. The aim of the society is laudable and should meet with the co-operation and encouragement of the whole community. Winnsboro has been noted in the past for her culture, but, within recent years there is no doubt about it, this phase of our development has been neglected to a great extent. These young gentlemen have no place at night to go where they can spend a few hours pleasantly and profitably, and the society will fill this much needed want. We commend the new society and hope that it will be the means of broadening and elevating the culture of our young men. It deserves success.

GORDON AN ALLIANCIEMAN.

(Athens Banner.)

DEKALB COUNTY, Ga., December 22.—General Gordon is now a full-fledged Alliancieman, and will henceforth be made to "to the mark," and address Livingston, Maunne, and Harry Brown as "brother." The initiation of this distinguished gentleman went through without a jostle, and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience of Allianciemen.

At the risk of being shot for exposing the secrets of our order, I will give the Banner a full report of the impressive ceremony that snatched General Gordon from the clutches of the politicians and made him an humble disciple of the order. The candidate was escorted into the ante room of the Allianciemen by a body guard of farmers. He manifested some nervousness when his conductors demanded that he partially disrobe and submit to the ordeal of being carried off with a corn cob and rubbed down with a bundle of fodder; the reason for this phantasmagorical bath being that it was necessary to cleanse his person from the contaminating effects of too close a contact with Atlanta politicians, Jeffersonian democrats, independent and other unclean elements, and that he might enter the realms of agricultural bliss. He was then arrayed in a pair of copperas pants, upheld by one suspender, and a hickory shirt, wool hat and brogan shoes. The Alliance (his guide) and every member must be on an equal footing.

Three raps were given on the lodge-room door, and a sepulchral voice from within demanded: "Who comes there?" "A poor penitent who is groping in darkness, and asks that the light of the Alliance be turned upon him," was the reply.

"Is the candidate a tiller of the soil?" was the next query from within. "He says he is always been the best friend of the farmer of Georgia ever had," was the evasive response. "See if there are any corns in his hand or cuckle-burns in his hair," was the command. "The seeker of light says he is only a farmer by proxy, and the corns are the hands of the man who work his land," was the response. "Does the candidate ask admittance into our order on his own volition, and is he prepared to pass through the ordeal of initiation?" "He does and he is," was the reply from without.

"Let the candidate then remain in darkness until his eyes are prepared to receive the great light that the Alliance will turn upon him and he can be admitted into our sacred precincts," was the next order.

The eyes of the applicant for Alliance knowledge were bandaged with a second-hand pair of trousers, the door of the lodge room thrown open, and Georgia's ex-governor and United States Senator, for the first time in his life, found himself in the inner sanctum of the farmers' lair. He was marched three times around the room, while the members welcomed him with—

"While the lamp holds out to burn The vilest sinner may return."

With a "gee" and "haw" the candidate was escorted to the Grand Tycoon, who used as chair of state the small end of a bale of cotton.

"Our would-be brother, your humbling entry into this room teaches you a useful lesson. A few minutes ago you came to us seeking with the order of the politician, and arrayed in the paraphernalia of a great man. You were stripped of your fine apparel, which means that you must leave behind you in your future communion with farmers your worldly dignity, or the Alliance will strip you of your honors as easily as it did of your tailor made garments. All men (except the nigger) are free and equal. The odious bandage that obscured your vision is a necessary attachment to the farm; and while it teaches an Alliancieman that he must not expect his pathway through life to be sprinkled with the odor of roses, will be a special reminder to you of the offensive manner that you spoke of our readers and friends during your recent campaign. The conductor will now convey the candidate before the high and mighty hister for further instruction, while the brethren will please sing.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

The H. and M. hister was squatting between the handles of a plow-stock. Without further ado the candidate had an iron hook fastened in the seat of

his pants, to which a rope was attached and thrown over a beam above. With a steady pull by two sinewy Allianciemen, the distinguished gentleman was soon dangling in the air, with hands and feet vainly clutching at the floor. "Now hold the candidate in that position, where he can better appreciate the beautiful lessons inculcated by the Alliance," remarked the G. and M. H. "It is needless for the partially initiated brother to longer clutch at the floor. He has already had some experience at dangling, and the wisest thing he can do is to put into practice that virtue and be resigned to the position we have placed him in, and not postpone this matter until he gets to Washington again."

"That hook," the High Hister explained, illustrates the firm hold the Farmers' Alliance has on mankind. Your struggles in the air shows the folly of a candidate trying to regain his equilibrium while in the mighty grasp of our Order. It also illustrates our political power to elevate or lower a man at will. Your futile clutching at the air is to show the folly of a candidate trying to reach for office through politicians. The candidate can now be released, and carried before the Supreme Spanker for further enlightenment; and while he is making the circuit of the room the brothers will sing "On Greenland's icy Mountains," as a notice that the candidate is beginning to shiver in the cold air of the room.

The Supreme Spanker sat upon a bale of hay. He ordered the bandage removed from the candidate's eyes, remarking that he had perhaps progressed far enough to stand the light of the Alliance; and, besides, he was to go through another ordeal that required all of a man's faculties to endure. The seeker after light was then led up to a barrel, and in a twinkling stretched over it.

"Bring forth the Supreme Spanker," commanded the Supreme Spanker, "and convince the new brother that it is not a rotten one, but made of good, sound timber. Let the High Extorter do his duty like a good and true Alliancieman, while we will all sing:

"Once I was blind, but now I see." Forty times that plank rose in the air and came down with a mighty thump, before the writhing victim was released, and carried before the Supreme Spanker again, to have the lesson he had just received explained.

"You have passed through one of the most beautiful and edifying chapters in the Alliance mode of initiation, and I publicly asserted that we had only one plank in our platform, and that a rotten one. I feel assured that you are now prepared to correct this statement, and assert that our sub-terfuge plank is one of sound timber. We have several other planks, as we can prove to your entire satisfaction, if so desired. Oh! you say you are satisfied! Well, be careful in the future how you speak slurringly of something you know nothing about. Now carry the candidate, Brother, to the executioner for other useful lessons, and while he is on the move let the members sing:

"This is the way I long have sought." The great drencher had on a table before him three black feathers and a goblet half filled with what appeared to be old Louisiana.

"After his long fatiguing pilgrimage our brother is doubtless in need of rest and refreshments. Place a chair that he may be seated." This was done, but by some sleight-of-hand the candidate made a miss, and landed on the executioner's head. "My unfortunate brother, you have now learned the uncertainty of political campaigns. Just as a man thinks he has found a nice, comfortable seat, the Alliance slips it from beneath him, and painful indeed is his disappointment. I spoke just now of refreshments, and had prepared a nice mess of crow for you; but I now discover in your recent anxiety to explain that famous speech you made before the Alliance convention, that you have already eaten all of the refreshments, except a few new timbers. But here is a glass of Jeffersonian democracy, according to the Epistle of the Romans, that you were so partial to a short time since. This is the last of the cake and please swallow the same. Well, if you hesitate, I will have to order the grand executioner to shoot you another one of the planks in our platform. Ah, you find the liquid is encephalic in glass, so that it will not wet your parched lips. That, my brother, is modern Jeffersonian democracy. It is very nice to look upon, but, like the Dead Sea, is tasteless. This shows you that to depend on these classes that the Alliance and the organized democracy for office and honors is to partake of a phantom political lunch.

"This, my newly-made brother, ends the first chapter in the Farmers' Alliance. I trust the great and beautiful truths you have seen illustrated to-day will make a lasting impression on your mind. The brethren will now join hands, and, while they march around the new member singing,

"Once I was lost, but now I'm found." This ended one of the most interesting ceremonies ever performed in our Order.

It is to be regretted that every Alliancieman in Georgia could not have witnessed the snatching of this distinguished brand from the fire built around it by the politicians.

Does Experience Count? It does, in every line of business, and especially in compounding and preparing medicines. This is illustrated in the great superiority of Hood's Sarsaparilla over other preparations, as shown by the remarkable cures it has accomplished.

The head of the firm C. I. Hood & Co. is a thoroughly competent and experienced pharmacist, having devoted his whole life to the study and actual preparation of medicines. He is also a member of the Massachusetts and American Pharmaceutical Associations, and continues actively devoted to supervising the preparation of and managing the business connected with, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable case. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

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"A man that refuses to look at a circus procession would actually want a fairer plan than Gaudin's magic chicken cholera is sold on, which is 'no cure, no pay.'" Sold by Dr. W. E. Aiken.

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Every Toilet Table

Should have a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the best preparation ever made for dressing the hair, restoring its color when faded or gray, preventing baldness, and keeping the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth of the same color as when I was a young man. I can recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost entirely bare. I tried many remedies but they did me no good. I was finally induced to buy a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the liquid, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair restorer in the world. It can't be beat!"—Thomas M. Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

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Of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves sufferers from consumption, even in advanced stages of that disease, and has cured innumerable lives.

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Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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That generally seems pain and suffering.

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All persons indebted to us will please

take notice that their accounts and notes are

due, and we want them paid.

McMASTER, BRICE & KETCHIN.

Profits Abandoned and Cost Not Considered.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF MILLINERY MUST GO.

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICES.

DO NOT ALLOW THIS CHANCE TO PASS IF YOU NEED ANYTHING AT ALL IN THIS LINE.

The ladies we had in charge of this department have gone home to spend their vacation, but we will endeavor to give you the very best attention.

The Prices Alone Will Sell the Goods.

We have a great variety of Hats, Plumes, Birds, and Wings to select from. Such a chance as this is not often caught in this town. It will be a sale of glorious magnitude. Don't you miss it.

We have also in stock a lot of Muffs we will close out strictly at COST.

Don't buy anywhere else until you have seen our bargains. It will cost you nothing to look.

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Find us, come to us and profit by a purchase.

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BY resolution of our Board of Directors, this Bank will, beginning March 1, open a Savings Department, paying four per cent. per annum interest on sums of from One Dollar to Two Thousand Dollars, interest to be allowed and credited on the first days of May and November, according to usual rules of savings banks.

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All persons indebted to me are requested to make immediate payment as these accounts must be settled. If not, I will place them in the hands of my attorney for collection.

Hoping to hear from you at once, I remain respectfully yours,

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